Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, December 11, 1919 Number 15

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

The Basic Problem of Democracy

From our recent experience it is clear that the traditional liberties of speech and opinion rest on no solid foundation. At a time when the world needs above all other things the activity of generous imaginations and the creative leadership of planning and inventive minds, our thinking is shriveled with panic. Time and energy that should go to building and restoring are instead consumed in warding off the pin-pricks of prejudice and fighting a guerrilla war against misunderstanding and intolerance. For suppression is felt, not simply by the scattered individuals who are actually suppressed. It reaches back into the steadiest minds, creating tension everywhere; and the tension of fear produces sterility. Men cease to say what they think; and when they cease to say it, they soon cease to think it. They think in reference to their critics and not in reference to the facts. For when thought becomes socially hazardous, men spend more time wondering about the hazard than they do in developing their thought.

Atlantic Monthly, November, 1919. —*Walter Lippmann.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1919 NUMBER 15

O men, working for God's truth in this time! it is almost natural, when you see what appalling forces of evil you have to encounter, that you should say, "What can we do better than meet in this corner, keep a spark of fire burning in our own hearts, and let the rest go?" If that is all we can do, we cannot do that. There is no greater mistake than to suppose, that this divine fire of faith in the heart, is to be kindled Indian-fashion by rubbing two dry sticks together in a meeting-house. I must have faith in my faith,—believe that, if my convictions in religion, in civil policy, in morals, and in life altogether, could go wide and deep, they would make new heavens and a new earth; and then go to work, and make them go wide and deep.

—Robert Collyer.

Where may comfort be found in such a world as this in which we are living at the present day? In the complacent idea that, whatever its ills, this is after all the best of all possible worlds? In the naïve optimism of Robert Browning's faith, that

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world"?

In the agnostic conviction that we cannot understand the purposes of God, and must therefore live in trust that what we do not know is still "true and righteous altogether"? In the Christian dogma that God is good, and that even the things which seem most evil in our sight are mysteriously good in his? In thoughts like these, men sorely stricken assuredly have found comfort in ages gone; but we doubt if these thoughts have solace any longer. What strengthens men today is belief not in God but in themselves, or in God in and through themselves. No longer are we content to be "doped" with fatalistic ideas of Providence, of mysterious divine purpose, of ultimate good. No longer are we willing to lean in trust on hidden hopes above us or beyond us that show not themselves in facts about us. We face evil for what it is, confess frustration of our best desires, confront without flinching the possible permanent extinction of good and the defeat therefore of the divine intention. But still we falter not, because we are convinced that within ourselves is creative capacity for the highest, and that if the world is not delivered, it is because we have not yet discovered and used aright our power. We are not helpless creatures, dependent on the whims of fate or the hidden purposes of Providence. We are not unhappy children chastened for reasons and to ends we do not understand. We are ourselves creators and saviors—this world is our world, to be saved or lost by our endeavor—God is the spirit of courage and patience and endless love within our souls, and Providence the social will to better things. He who cherishes such self-reliant faith as this feels no dismay, even in the darkness of such an hour as now enshrouds mankind. God is not far distant, to be propitiated or endured; he is close at hand, to be used. Therefore, as Mr. Wells has put it, we are not afraid or discouraged, for, "giving ourselves joyfully . . . to the task (before us), we do our utmost to increase knowledge, to increase order and clearness, to fight against indolence, waste, disorder, cruelty, vice, and every form of death, first and chiefest in ourselves but also in all mankind, and to bring about the establishment of the real and visible kingdom (of God) throughout the world."

We are evidently on the eve of great changes in the Russian situation. After having denounced the Bolsheviki as monsters as much more terrible than the Germans, for example, as the Germans are more terrible than any other barbarians known to history, after having attempted to substantiate this indictment by a policy of falsification as crude as it was deliberate, the Allies are now very plainly preparing to do what they have said that they would never do—receive the Soviets into the family of nations. Of course, it is no sudden repentance on the part of the Allies that has achieved, or is achieving, this reversal of policy. If Clemenceau, Lloyd-George and Company could destroy the Bolsheviki, they would do so as ruthlessly as the Germans attempted to destroy the Belgians. But in the one case as in the other, military power has proved itself to be utterly futile. Yudenitch, Kolchak, Denikine, all are in ignominious flight. The blockade starves to death its myriads of innocent women and children, but weakens not at all the endurance of the Soviet government. And now at last at home, as in the revolt of the Italian Socialists and the waxing power of the British Labor Party, we see that reaction against autocracy which is certain in such a case as this. Lloyd-George, infallible in his ability of adjustment to changing conditions, has already begun to prepare the way for the substitution of the new policy of recognition in place of the old policy of hostility. Before winter is over, political and commercial relations with Soviet Russia will undoubtedly be successfully established, and we shall learn that the Bolsheviki are not such terrible fellows, after all!

Do we really believe in democracy in this country? The question is suggested by the fate which may not

inconceivably overtake the remarkable Social Unit work inaugurated and conducted by Wilbur C. Phillips, in Cincinnati, Ohio. This is perhaps the most adventurous and statesmanlike social movement of our time. It is distinctive from practically all other philanthropic endeavors in the fact that its basic idea is the belief that social effort should be aimed not at doing things for people, but at stimulating people to do the best things for themselves in the most effective possible ways. Phillips and his co-workers went into selected city block districts in Cincinnati, and organized them in precisely the plan of the New England town meeting. He got these tenement-dwellers acquainted, made them to be neighbors in fact as well as in name, led them to personal interest in problems of civic welfare, organized them for support and direction of reform endeavors, transformed block wildernesses into units of conscious and independent social life. Nothing could seem to be nearer the true spirit of democracy than this work of awakening the people to a knowledge of one another, and of their needs together as fellow-members of municipal society. And yet, just to the extent that it succeeded, it began to be regarded as dangerous. The charge of Bolshevism was sooner or later inevitable, and it came some months ago through the lips of the Mayor. Now it is reported that public opinion is becoming increasingly hostile, and that financial co-operation by the city this coming year may be denied. All of which raises the challenging question, Do we really believe in democracy? Recent events, not dissimilar to this experience of the Social Unit movement in Cincinnati, would seem to indicate that we do not. In New York recently it was actually suggested that "block parties" were dangerous, since they tended to get people acquainted and thus opened the way to possible conspiracy. The fact of the matter is that a whole lot of us perfectly good Americans are afraid of the people. We do not trust their impulses, and are unwilling to share with them either counsel or authority. We are not democrats. We are hysterical at this moment over "reds" and aliens and I. W. W.s and all the rest, fundamentally because we are autocrats at heart.

Some weeks ago we quoted Mr. Job E. Hedges as saying that "there are no poor in the United States." It is interesting to note, in the light of this remark, a report recently issued by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington. According to Dr. Royal Meeker, Chief of the Bureau, twenty percent of the population in America to-day are undernourished, and thirty percent more are on the border line or below it. "Half of us do not get enough to eat," is the headline comment of a newspaper. It seems incredible that this statement can actually be true, but it has been borne out again and again by investigations, as witness the recent study of underfed children in the New York public schools. The fact is that, in the richest country in the world, and in the one great western country least affected by the War, a shamefully large proportion of the people are suffering from starvation to greater or less degree. Wealth was never so great, nor luxury so blatant; but poverty still stalks our streets, and lurks like vermin in the homes of our people. And yet there are those who cannot understand the prevailing social unrest, except as the work of wicked agitators! There is no unrest where people have access to the sources of life. The agitator seeks in vain for open ears among the prosperous and contented. As long as men are poor, and hungry, and cold, so long will there be disturbance among us. And there *should* be, also, if men are still men, and not mere animals or slaves!

Last week we commended the action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in investigating the steel strike and protesting against the suppression of free speech and free assembly in the strike areas. It is interesting to note that this admirable piece of work has now been followed by sympathetic intervention in the miners' strike. The Council has reviewed the case of the miners, endorsed their demands for higher wages and shorter hours, and called upon the government to protect these workers from the patent exploitation of the coal operators. We have seldom seen a better statement of the public and human issues involved in such an industrial dispute as this, than is contained in the following declaration of the Federal Council:

> If the strike cannot be tolerated because the strength of those who use it has become so great as to constitute a public peril, then the government must find a way to secure the workers against exploitation, to guarantee an adequate hearing of demands and to secure wages and hours of work that will make possible an American standard of living.

This is the whole truth in a nutshell—the momentous importance of the miner to the welfare and security of modern civilization is the measure of his rightful demands upon this civilization! What he receives must bear some proportion to what he gives. The Federal Council is again acting wisely and bravely in a matter of great public concern.

New York City continues to grow, but the churches find it harder and harder to keep alive. Last year, three of the largest and most famous Presbyterian churches in the city consolidated their organizations into one. Now comes the news of the combination of two well-known Episcopalian churches—St. Andrew's at 127th Street, and The Church of the Beloved Disciple in 89th Street. There is no wealthier or more powerful diocese in the world than the New York diocese—no more populous district in the metropolis

than this in which these churches are located—no age in which religious problems were more insistent or thrilling than they are at this moment. And yet these two churches cannot survive, or think it not worth while to try. We believe their judgment to be sound. If all the denominational churches now eking out a precarious and unhappy existence, had the courage either to close their doors or combine with their associates in misery—or if they were forced to do so by withdrawal of missionary funds, or public taxation of ecclesiastical property—we should witness a collapse of Protestantism like that of the German army in 1918. As it is, we see at work a slow process of decay, like a blighted tree dying at the extremities, which none the less surely means ultimate extinction. The hope of religion to-day lies exclusively in movements altogether outside the existing organizations of Catholicism and Protestantism.

The completion of Albert J. Beveridge's monumental biography of John Marshall, is a literary event of real importance. When the first two volumes were published in 1916, it was recognized at once that a great work was under way. The appearance of the last two volumes, covering the immensely difficult field of Marshall's career on the Supreme Court bench, completes this work, and confirms the original estimate of its promise. It seems strange that one of the greatest of all Americans should have waited so long for adequate biographical treatment. The delay, however, has now been compensated for. An empty place on our library shelves is occupied by one of the ablest biographies in our language.

What Shall Be Done?

The defeat of the Paris Peace Treaty in the special session of Congress, and the prospect of its resubmission by President Wilson to the regular session, brings before us, as the most momentous issue now confronting the nation, the question as to what shall finally be done with this great document. Through much of the time of the special session of Congress, it seemed as though the contending factions were battling, with little idea on either side of what was definitely desired. The little group of irreconcilables—the "Battalion of Death," as these senators have been called—seemed to represent the only party in the Senate which knew its mind and was determined at any hazard to be faithful to that mind. That out of all the backing and filling, and jockeying for position, that was so characteristic of the movements of both the Republican and Democratic forces, there should finally have come a victory for the irreconcilables, stands as one of the most astonishing events in the history of American politics. So far as can be judged from the votes on the Treaty, only fifteen senators desired its defeat, and it was these senators, out-numbered six to one, who controlled the issue.

That the history of the present session should be anything like that of the last is inconceivable. The forces now in control of the United States Senate must decide upon a definite policy, and see to it that this policy is put through. What is done now, must be done forever. Hence the urgency of the inquiry, What Shall Be Done? What is the wisest program for the dominant forces in the Senate to adopt? What procedure may best be followed to the end of America's security and the ultimate happiness and peace of all mankind?

Our study of the situation, as it has been steadily developing since Armistice Day, leads us to the following conclusions:

1. *Let the Lodge Resolution, declaring a state of peace to exist between Germany and the United States, be adopted!* This is the first step to be taken for the permanent settlement of the international difficulties created by the Great War. To all intents and purposes, the European struggle ended on the 11th day of November, 1918. A state of peace should have been declared promptly after that event, and the multitudinous details of peace left to the unhurried deliberations of international conference. As it is, however, the War is still with us, in letter if not in spirit. Commercial relations are not resumed; a score of humanitarian endeavors are embarrassed or indefinitely postponed; oppressive emergency laws, enacted solely for war conditions, are still upon our statute books, to hamper and imperil the normal relations of men under conditions of peace; and the chaos of Europe steadily develops from bad to worse, under the stress of protocols, temporary international agreements, armies of occupation, blockades, and alliances. The salvation of the world, in so far as any salvation can be expected out of the horror of war's aftermath, waits upon the establishment of peace; and it is the high duty of the United States to exert its utmost influence to this end, by solemnly declaring that the war between Germany and itself is over. It is this which is provided for by the Lodge Resolution, and therefore should this Resolution be passed without delay and with unanimous approval.

We are not unmindful that this Resolution has been declared by its opponents to be unconstitutional. To the untrained and therefore unfettered mind of the layman, such condition as this would seem to be utterly ridiculous. What constitutional technicalities can prevent the Congress of this United States, which declares a state of war to exist, from declaring similarly that such a state of war is ended? Does not the power to declare war inevitably involve of itself the power to declare peace? Such would certainly

be the verdict of commonsense; and such, we are gratified to note, is the judgment of no less eminent a constitutional authority than Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania. With these opinions we confess ourselves to be well content. If Congress is minded to pass the Resolution written by the Massachusetts senator, we believe that no quibbles of constitutional precedent or interpretation will be allowed to interfere with its recognition.

2. *Let the Peace Treaty, and the interwoven Covenant of the League of Nations, be rejected!* That the unfavorable action of the United States cannot destroy the Peace Treaty, nor overthrow the League of Nations, is evident. The victorious Allies of Europe had their way at Paris; and, on the basis of the agreement there effected, they can continue to have their way until the indignant peoples of the continent have wiped out the monstrous work achieved by the Peace Conference. But it is for the security of our country, and assuredly for the ultimate welfare of humanity at large, that the United States should definitely withdraw from the entire business. What President Wilson should have done when he threatened to leave the peace-table and sail home on the "George Washington," should be done now for good and all by the Senate. If the Peace Treaty were in reality a treaty of peace, it should of course be accepted by us, whatever its incidental and necessary defects. If the League of Nations were genuinely a league, we should of course assume our share of its responsibilities as well as of its privileges. But it cannot be too often affirmed that the Peace Treaty is a treaty not of peace but of war, and the League not a league but an alliance of nations. The inevitable consequences of the new imperialistic yoke laid upon Europe by the mad victors of the Great War have long since appeared in the armed conflicts which are raging in all quarters of the continent; and what is thus only begun, in sporadic fashion, is destined to end sooner or later in a universal cataclysm even more terrible than that which engulfed mankind in 1914. Nothing can deliver the world from the seeds of horror and destruction sown by the authors of the Peace Treaty and Covenant except the international organization of socialistic labor on the one hand, and the independent action of the United States upon the other. From this dishonest peace and this sham League the United States must hold aloof, that it may be free to offer to mankind its utmost service for the preservation of such social idealism as may still be present in the world to-day. The best way in which to secure this right of independent action, not only for itself but for the service of the human race, is to reject the Peace Treaty forthwith. Let it be torn into bits and cast where it belongs, into the rubbish heap of men's contempt and scorn! For the future reputation of Woodrow Wilson, for the permanent deliverance of America from the snares and pitfalls of European imperialism, for the service of mankind to the end of brotherhood and peace, nothing can be more desired than that, so far as in us lies, we shall reject this pact of vengeance, greed and tyranny.

3. *Let immediate steps be taken for the organization of a true League of Nations!* In urging a declaration of a state of peace between Germany and America, and the rejection of the Treaty and Covenant, it should be clearly understood that these are offered only as preliminaries to the last and crowning item of national policy. We must have peace, and it must be a peace delivered of the betrayal of the Paris Conference. But peace in itself is not enough, unless it be accompanied by a guarantee of its permanency. The hope that such guarantee might be found in the League of Nations, as formulated at Paris, is now cherished by no man who understands the Covenant. We must seek the fulfillment of this hope elsewhere and by other means. Let the Senate, therefore, when it has once declared a state of peace and ridded itself of the Treaty, summon the nations of the earth to a new conference for the organization of the international relations of mankind. Let is stipulate, that in this new conference for genuine peace, labor shall have a voice, women sit at the council board, and literary, artistic and scholastic interests be represented side by side with those of politics and commerce. Let it insist that it shall be the business of this conference to draw up a formal body of international law, to provide a system of progressive and ultimately complete disarmament, to establish an international police force for the enforcement of law, to deliver undeveloped races of the world from the exploitation of competitive imperialisms, to organize a permanent representative body for the transaction of the business of mankind. All these things the Paris Conference was expected to do, and undoubtedly tried to do, but the hatreds of war were too bitter, the sense of loss and suffering too keen, the exaltation of victory too ecstatic, the temptation to vengeance and power too besetting, for the Conference to achieve its end. At bottom the Conference was wrongly organized for the purpose in view. From the very moment that its personnel was announced, all men of discernment and vision understood that its deliberations would come to naught. But now that a year of frustration and defeat are behind us, and a year of universal bankruptcy, starvation and anarchy before us, we are perhaps at last in a mood to achieve to-day what could not be achieved yesterday. We are learning humility, we are feeling the cruel bite of necessity, we are face to face with death. Such a call to new conference on a genuine democratic basis, such as the

United States Senate might issue, would be hailed by tortured peoples everywhere as a fresh ray of hope breaking through the midnight darkness of the times. It would be answered with glad acclaim from the four corners of the earth. Kings and princes, premiers and diplomats who stood in the way of the fulfillment of this idea, would be swept away like withered leaves before the blasts of autumn. Peoples would arise everywhere to their own, and in the first great "parliament of man," set forth their hopes and wills in a treaty of world liberty which might indeed be worthy to be called a true successor to the Covenant of Sinai, the Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence.

It seems absurd, perhaps, to think that such a body as the United States Senate should issue such a call as this, but we chance to know that one man at least, who has done as much as any other to do the Treaty and Covenant to death, sees that this third and last step must be taken, and stands ready to sponsor such a summons to new councils. Certainly even the man most blinded by selfish nationalism and most indifferent to human hopes, must see that we cannot leave things as they are. If the world is to be delivered, it must be through such action as men have never dreamed of before. The struggle for survival is upon us and the necessities of that struggle may well work miracles.

Such is the program which we believe should be carried out forthwith in the present session of our Congress. Citizens of this country should bring to bear upon Washington all possible pressure for the immediate passage of the Lodge Resolution. Then, if the Treaty and Covenant be again raised for discussion in the Senate, all citizens should unite in the work of effecting their final and indignant rejection. Lastly should every hand and heart be joined in the inspirational task of summoning mankind again to conference, that at last indeed the time may come when

> The war drums throb no longer and
> the battle flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man, the
> federation of the world.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

AS THROUGH A GLASS.

A soft thin haze of misty golden-green
Lies on the valley, tenuous and frail,
Touches the far hills with its sunlit sheen,
And folds the distance in a filmy veil.

Is there naught else drifted between our eyes
And endless beauty that can never pale?—
Are these but vistas of some paradise
Seen through the meshes of a golden veil!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

THE PULPIT

One Year After the War

What Have We Gained and Lost

A sermon preached by John Haynes Holmes at the Community Church, New York City, on Sunday, November 9, 1919.

I.

It was just one year ago, next Tuesday, that there came to us from across the seas the exciting news that the Armistice had been signed and that the fighting on the battlefronts of the world was at an end. I suppose that none of us who saw it will ever forget the spectacle of that day. As though by a single impulse, everybody rushed into the streets, and, from noontide until long after midnight, gave themselves to "joy unconfined." On the surface of this orgy of jubilation was undoubtedly the sense of satisfaction which belongs to us as a part of our primitive ancestral inheritance, that we had defeated our enemies, and stood triumphant in a struggle which had tested our courage to the uttermost. Like the glorious Ida, in Tennyson's poem of "The Princess," we were chanting the song—

> Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n . . .

Deeper down in our hearts, however, on that exultant day, was the thought, worthier our character as civilized beings, that the war was over. For four years and more the greatest struggle that mankind had ever known had been raging on all the five continents and seven seas of the globe. This struggle had again and again threatened the extinction of everything that we held precious in the world. Now, with a suddenness which was almost incredible, it had come to an end, and all the stress and strain were passed away. What wonder that Armistice Day witnessed such a spectacle of popular abandon, the world around, as stands unparalleled in human history! All the pent-up emotion of years of anxiety, sorrow and despair were released, as though by the breaking of a dam; and the result, of course, was a flood which for the moment engulfed the lives of men.

Since that time a year has passed, and I suppose that under no circumstances would it be possible to duplicate what we felt and expressed on that day of unutterable relief. When peace is officially declared a few weeks hence, and the war for the first time really comes to an end, I imagine that not a shout will be heard, nor a flag lifted to the breeze. The reason for this, of course, is the obvious one, that we have exhausted our capacity for emotion. Then again, there is nothing that can happen today which is anything more than a rather long-delayed fulfillment of all that was felt or anticipated at the moment when the fighting came to an end. More important still, we have had opportunity, this past year, to consider what has actually been accomplished in the Great War. We have been able to compare the ideals for which the war was fought by our young men, with the actual conditions of peace agreed upon by the elder statesmen in Paris. We have been able, day by day, to learn a few facts about the war, and set them over against the fairy tales fed out to us by the official bureaus of propaganda while the battle was going on. Above all, we have been able to consider, without

any inflated emotion of any kind, the actual losses which we have suffered, and balance these with what may be said to be the gains accrued during the conflict. In other words, we have been taking account of stock. We have been putting aside illusions and deceptions, and bringing ourselves face to face with reality. And this experience we are more and more finding to be not a pleasant or reassuring one at all. Hence the change in popular sentiment that has been going on! Hence the utter lack of enthusiasm for anything that may transpire at this moment! Armistice Day, one year ago, brought the high-water mark of popular acclaim over the war and all its works. Immediately thereafter came the turn in the tide, and the ebb has been flowing ever since.

Now it is this matter of gains and losses in the Great War, that I want to consider with you on this first anniversary of the Armistice. In certain ways, I am guilty of consummate audacity in entering upon such a question as this today, for a proper answer to the inquiry demands an interim not of one year but of a hundred years at least. It is the historians a century and more hence who will be able to give us the facts about gains and losses in the war, not we who are living still amid the chaos and passion of the conflict. Nevertheless, just as a business man balances his books at the end of every month, even though he knows that there can be no final verdict until the end of the year, so may we take a survey, and see how the situation looks to us at this moment. It is true that we may go very far wrong in our estimate of conditions in the world's affairs; this is always the privilege alike of the accountant, the diagnostician and the prophet. But we shall at least be making a record of what we think we see, and certainly how we feel, today; and this is, in itself, no inconsiderable service. So let us look at the world, and ask what we have gained and what we have lost in the Great War!

It may be well to begin with a statement of our losses, for these, in their material phases, at any rate, are the most definite, and can be discussed with the least danger of controversy and dispute.

First of all, of course, among our losses, are the young men who were killed as soldiers on the field of battle. The last official estimate, published on Thursday morning of this last week, gave the total of deaths on all battlefronts as 9,019,000. This is a number so large that it means practically nothing to any of us; it is simply a row of figures—that is all. Perhaps I can make it more vivid by asking you to imagine yourself as standing on Fifth Avenue, watching a parade of these "dear ghosts" marching by. Let us imagine that they pass us in ranks of ten, at the rate of 6,000 men an hour, or 100 men every minute, and that they march without stopping day and night. We may perhaps appreciate how many "ghosts" there are, if I tell you that if we wanted to see the whole parade go by, we should have to stand on the Avenue twenty-four hours a day for sixty-three days, or something over two months. Again, let me ask you to look at this theatre, which seats 1,700 persons. Suppose that we use it as a unit of measure for this vast total of the dead in the Great War! If these seats were filled tonight, then emptied, and filled again tomorrow night, and so on every night until all the soldiers killed in the War had found entrance into this auditorium, the last audience of 1,700 would not be accommodated until the year 1934. In other words, it would take between fourteen and fifteen years to pass this huge host of the slain through this theatre at the rate of a capacity audience every night, Sundays included.

These are the men whom we have lost. Add to these, now, between forty and fifty millions—half the population of the United States—wounded, and thus more or less seriously disabled; recall that these men were nearly all of them young men, chosen for their physical fitness and mental vigor; remember that they included the full proportion of the great and good who are produced by every generation—and you have some idea of what we lost in this War, with nothing else considered but flesh and blood.

Much less appealing to our hearts, but just as important to the future of mankind, are the material losses which have been suffered during the last four or five years. Vast areas of the world's surface, once populous and fertile, have been turned into deserts which are as barren as Sahara. I have heard a man speak of standing in Poland, in a district once thronged with hundreds of thousnds of busy and happy people, looking straight to the far verge of the whole horizon, and being able to see not a stick nor a stone, nor even a blade of grass, above the level of the blasted earth. Natural resources of timber and coal and metals, of incalulable value, have been wantonly squandered, never, of course, to be recovered or replaced. Vast quantities of accumulated wealth, represented by such things as ships, supplies, manufactured products, have been utterly and forever destroyed. Above all are the enormous debts incurred during the war—debts so large that they threaten to devour the total producing capacity of the world, and thus reduce mankind to a condition of permanent economic slavery. It is doubtful if any loss in the War is so imperfectly understood as these material losses. It is an open question at this moment if the losses are not so heavy as to make recovery impossible. The situation is exactly like that of a man losing blood through an open vein. He may lose what seems to be a frightful amount, and still recover, if the loss does not surpass the reproductive ability of the physical organism. But if this limit be passed, even by ever so few drops, death in the end, after long lingering, perhaps, is certain. This is the situation of our world today! We have lost prodigiously, but nobody yet knows whether the balance between life and death has been maintained. At the best, our civilization is prostrated for generations to come. At the worst, this civilization has destroyed itself, and another long period of dissolution, like that of the decline of Greece and Rome, is already upon us.

We return to the human appeal again, when we go behind the battlefronts, with their slaughter and waste, and consider what has been lost in what may be called the home areas. Here we come to the horrors of massacre, and famine, and pestilence which have swept like a scourge the non-combatant populations of the world. How many millions of men, women and children have seen death, and suffering worse than death, no man knows. It is perhaps fortunate that a curtain of blessed ignorance is drawn over this dreadful scene. But we do know that a million Belgians were slaughtered, expatriated, or carried away into slavery. We know that more than

a million Armenians were put to death by the Turks in cold blood. We know that, according to uncontradicted reports, thirty millions have died in India of starvation and disease, and a hundred and fifty millions are at this moment on the verge of extinction. We know that the influenza epidemic, a direct consequence of the war, carried off more victims than all the losses at the front. And worst of all, we know today that the peoples of all Europe, but more especially the peoples of the Central Empires, the Balkans and Russia, are sick with tuberculosis, syphilis, and other pestilential diseases, are universally inflicted with anaemia and undernourishment, are shivering with cold, and are looking straight into the face of a winter which is destined to sweep them off like so many flies. The horrors of the few months just ahead are simply indescribable. The Europeans have been drained of their last ounce of physical vitality; they are bereft of all the basic resources necessary to the continuance of life; they are lost in a welter of anarchy as complete as that which followed upon the break-up of the Roman Empire. In many places, every last vestige of civilization has disappeared; men are living, such as are living at all, like the cave-men of whom we read in prehistoric times. War today is more than an exciting battle, far away from the homes and the haunts of men. It is a universal presence, like the plague, and it ravages the earth from end to end.

But this is not the worst; far more serious than the physical are the spiritual losses which we have sustained. This, of course, is a subject of controversy. There are those who insist that we have gained much in a moral and spiritual way out of the war; and they point in demonstration to the unselfishness which was quickened by the struggle, the sacrifices which were made by the humblest as well as the greatest men, the absorption of all humanity in the service of an ideal which transcended every personal interest or desire. On the other hand, there are those who lay emphasis on the passions that were let loose by the war—the hatreds that were engendered, the lusts that were aroused, the outrages that were visited upon the higher and finer instincts of human nature; and they argue that man has suffered irreparably in all the things of the spirit. Both of these contentions, of course, are true. What we have in war is an intensification of emotion on both its good and its bad sides. Those who are naturally gentle and self-sacrificing, by nature, are made only more so by the influences of war. Those who are naturally cruel and self-seeking, are similarly magnified in their native qualities. What we need to know, if we would find out whether we have gained or lost spiritually as a result of the war, is not what went on during the struggle, but the level to which we have moved, and on which we are now living, now that the war is over. Is humanity higher up or lower down today than is was five years ago? Can there be any doubt whatsoever as to the answer which must be given to this question? Consider the atmosphere of hatred and suspicion and ill-will in which we are bathed today as fishes by the salt of the sea. Consider the ruthless spirit of profiteering which is flourishing like "the green bay tree" in the ranks both of capital and labor. Consider the extravagance and vice that are everywhere disporting themselves—the vulgarity of our theatres, the frivolity of our literature, the venality and corruption of our public press. Above all things else, consider our hideous indifference to the sanctity of human life, and our deliberate and mad resort to violence as the cure for every ill and the weapon for every reform. What is the evidence, I ask you, of a high state of moral and spiritual attainment? I answer, Reverence for life, and the discipline of men to laws of association based on principles of reason and goodwill. What is the evidence of a low state of moral and spiritual attainment? I answer, Indifference to life, and the surrender of men to the anarchic rule of passion, armed with power, and directed by self-interest. Measured by this standard, who can doubt the fact that the spiritual consequence of the war has been a deplorable decline in moral vitality and idealism? We are coarser, more cruel, less sensitive and compassionate, than we have ever been before. Our sensibilities are blunted, so that they no longer react to the more refined and delicate, but only to the more brutal, stimuli of experience. We are living on a lower plane of life; fewer of us are civilized and more are savages, than at any time since the race emerged from the Dark Ages. The war, in other words, has taught its lesson well. Its work is bloodshed, and we have been made over spiritually to fit the job.

Now these are some of the losses which I feel we have suffered as a consequence of the Great War. In pointing out these losses, I am saying nothing about the causes of the war or the character of the participants involved in the fighting. The things which have been suffered are quite independent of the guilt of the Germans or the innocence of the Allies. What we have here are the results of evil and death, which always come from war, to the innocent and guilty alike. When man, either willingly or unwillingly, casts this iron seed abroad, he sows to the wind, and it is the law of the Most High God himself that, so doing, he shall reap also to the whirlwind. There have been those who have attempted to minimize the horrid consequences of war. Let them never more be heard in the councils of men upon the earth! The evils of war are constant, and by no intellectual legerdemain can they be minimized. Let war come, and, behold, as the great Spaniard, Blasco Ibanez, has taught us anew, "the four horsemen of the Apocalypse, enemies of mankind," are instantly let loose. The white horseman, which is Pestilence, the red horseman, which is Massacre, the black horseman, which is Famine, the pale-colored horseman, which is Death and Hell—these are they "which go before the Beast." "God is asleep, forgetting his world," says Ibanez, in his famous book. "It will be a long time before he wakes, and while he sleeps the four horsemen of the Beast will course through the land as its only lords."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GUEST.

The happiest chap I ever met,
The freest of all dark regret,
Was one who deemed his days to be
A gift of hospitality
With God his Host; and as His guest
Viewed everything with interest.
And like a grateful visitor
Who wished to even up the score
Did all he could both day and night
To give his fellow-guests delight.

Chicago Daily News. —*John Kendrick Bangs.*

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

VII.

TOLSTOY, GREATEST OF MODERN CHRISTIANS.

The Nineteenth Century was a wonderful century and gave the world many wonderful things, but one of its greatest gifts was Tolstoy, the pre-eminent Christian of the century. How great Tolstoy was as a Christian the world will appreciate, more than we, in five hundred years from now. The biography of the great Russian runs thus: Born, 1829; at age of 16 discards religion; 1851, at age of 22 enters the army; 1852, age 23 begins to write; 1855, at age of 25 commands a battery at Sevastapool; 1861, at age of 31 becomes a country magistrate; 1862, at age of 32 marries; 1879, at age of 51 becomes converted to the Religion of Jesus; 1884, age 56, after five years study writes his interpretation of teachings of Jesus in "What I Believe"; gives next 26 years to preaching of religion, social reform, political revolution, and dies in 1910 at age of 82.

(1) Tolstoy is the Apostle of Sincerity. In 1857 at the age of 28 he wrote, "I place the Sermon on the Mount as the most influential writing I have found." Tolstoy was first attracted to Rousseau because of Rousseau's demand for sincerity. Tolstoy may or may not correctly interpret Jesus, but he was as sincere in his loyalty to him as he understood him, as was St. Francis.

(2) Tolstoy stands for the consecration of one's life to service. The amount of intellectual and spiritual activity that Tolstoy put into his years astounds one. By example and effort he sought to show that what really counts is service for our fellow men.

(3) Tolstoy stands for Democracy. He saw the history of the world as the work of *all* men not of heroes and leaders; he believed in the common life of all men. Take his great book "War and Peace," in it the great general is gone, Napoleon is discounted, men and women are moved by a great force beyond themselves. Battles are won or lost, not because of the strategy of generals, for generals do not even know what is happening, a great array of facts and factors determine the results.

(4) Tolstoy is the rationalist ascetic. He is a St. Francis touched by modern knowledge. He is a Quaker only more so; the Quaker preached against the use of force in war, Tolstoy preaches against the use of force in education, government, or anywhere. The inner life is with Tolstoy, as with Francis and Fox, the chief thing; yet Tolstoy understands the inner life far differently.

(5) Tolstoy is the Founder of a new system of Christian interpretation. He broke with traditional Christianity at all points. He rejected the miracles of Jesus, even the resurrection, and was highly rationalistic. His works like the "Critique of Dogmatic Theology," "My Religion," "Harmony of the Gospels," etc., are breaks with the teachings of the churches. Whether time will show him the prophet of a better interpretation of Jesus, or a great Christian who made intellectual mistakes, only time will tell; but in his sincerity and loyalty, and his emphasis upon the message of Jesus as what the world needs, there is the basis of placing him among the few Most Important Christians who have lived. Tolstoy sought to call the world back to the religion of Jesus in all its earnestness, sincerity, service.

(6) Tolstoy was the world's greatest teacher in modern times. Twenty years before the World-War he saw it coming and pleaded with the world to avert it but they heeded not. In the writings and life of no modern man can we find teachings the world so much needs as in the work and life of Tolstoy.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

Democracy and the Press

Of unusual interest was the address on "Democracy and the Press" delivered recently before the New York Community Church Forum by Mr. B. N. Langdon Davies, of the staff of the *London Daily Herald*. Mr. Davies was a member of the group of British liberals who attended the Civil Liberties Conference held this fall in New York City.

"In general," said Mr. Davies, "a people will get the particular press that it desires and deserves. The press is in general a reflection of the population which it supplies, and of the mentality of the people among whom it exists. We have got to change that mentality before we can get a truth-telling press and before we can rely on the people drawing their own inferences from what they read in such a press. We have got to get a certain freedom of mind, a certain alertness of criticism through the whole body of our people, and that can only come in one way.

"Right up to now we have been content with the education of our whole people as slaves, as slaves to a system, to rules and dogmas, to words of command, to laws of morals or of grammar or arithmetic. We have had the idea that education was a matter of imparting facts by a good teacher at the moment and the laying on the children of rules of conduct and behavior.

"As long as we do that from childhood onward, as long as we educate people to be slaves, so long shall we have people growing up with slave minds, as the population of my country has, minds which take in and obey any rules imposed upon them. We have got to work upon the skeptical or inquiring method, taking nothing for granted. Only free minds can give us a real democracy."

Mr. Davies prefaced his remarks by a lively protest against the theory, held by the Fabians amongst others, that academic or expert knowledge was required for the making of laws. The thing that was needed, he insisted, was judgment, the power to discriminate between cause and effect. Another element in the quality of judgment was the power to appreciate the relative complexity of different subjects, or again, the power to appreciate the inherent probability of a given set of allegations. In order to have a democracy which operated it was necessary to have the faculty of judgment diffused throughout the population.

The most powerful means in the world of diffusing the knowledge upon which judgment must be based, was the press, said Mr. Davies. He understood that in the United States there were some specific controls, but he knew very little about them. But both in the United States and in the British Isles there were general controls which operated to prevent the press from being accurate in its information, and to prevent reasonable and fair inferences being drawn from its news columns. There was the suggestion of what was false and the suppression of what was true.

Control by convention came first on Mr. Davies' list. Perhaps this control was less strong in the United States than on the other side. Every British newspaper had to make the assumption that Great Britain was a Christian country, whereas it was not ten per

cent Christian, either dogmatically or in practice. Another assumption was that Great Britain was monogamous, whereas it was probably more polygamous than Turkey.

Control by advertisers was next mentioned. This was not so direct in Great Britain as it occasionally became, Mr. Davies understood, in this country. As an example of how the control operated on the other side Mr. Davies stated that no paper had dared to advertise, review or even mention a book analyzing the various patent medicines and stating the true value of each. This notwithstanding the fact that the book was written by expert medical men.

"The whole science of advertising belongs to the capitalistic system," said Mr. Davies. "The whole tendency of newspapers is to continue the capitalistic system and thus the tendency of advertisers is to patronize journals which do not challenge the existing system. This is one of the things which enthrones alcohol in Britain."

Mr. Davies next enumerated newspaper ownership as a source of control. He proceeded to describe how the *London Daily Chronicle* was purchased during the war by a group of Lloyd-George's supporters. This group had gone to the editor of *The Chronicle,* after buying the latter, and had explained to him that he could continue as editor if he would undertake to support whatever Mr. Lloyd-George did for five years. The editor had refused to give the promise and had been kicked out.

There was not only ownership of newspapers, but multiple ownership. One man owned journals which operated through every channel of society. For example there was Lord Northcliffe who owned more than fifty journals. He could put an idea through the public by one hundred channels all running in the same direction. He could set all England growing sweet peas or discussing "standard bread." Operating in this way behind the scenes Lord Northcliffe controlled more power than any prime minister ever had.

Then there was direct government control of the press, continued Mr. Davies. It had prevailed during the war and still persisted. It prevented certain news from appearing. It controlled cables. It set heavy penalties upon the uttering of certain kinds of criticism. It supplied such mental and intellectual pabulum as suited its own political needs.

The story of the journalistic achievement of *The Daily Mail* in regard to the Boxer outbreak in China was told. The *Daily Mail's* special Pekin correspondent had sent to his paper an eye-witness account of how the representatives of the different European powers shot their own wives and children to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Boxers. The story had duly appeared in *The Daily Mail.* But later on the wives and children, shot as described, found their way back to England alive and well. To the present day *The Daily Mail* had never apologized for printing the falsehood. At the time the lie had done its work.

Similarly at the present time they had the lie as to the nationalization of Russian women in circulation. The English publication, *The New Europe,* which first printed the story, had admitted that it did so on the strength of a false report. But the story was still going the rounds of the American movies. At Leicester, during the last British general election Ramsay Macdonald had made a statement beginning substantially as follows: "If I had thought that Sir Edward Grey caused the war I should have, etc." A Leicester paper had reported the speech verbatim, but in such a way that the words "Sir Edward Grey caused the war" stood out boldly as a sub-heading, although the context showed clearly that Mr. Macdonald did not think Sir Edward Grey had caused the war.

The press lent itself during the war to the spreading of false reports of atrocities, said Mr. Davies. It had been stated again and again that Belgian children had had their hands cut off by the Germans. However, a Yorkshire manufacturer had advertized that he would give fifty pounds for the sight of a Belgian child maimed in this way. At the time it was being reported that hundreds of such children were being brought to British hospitals. Nevertheless not a single case was ever produced before the Yorkshire manufacturer.

At a time when everybody was saying that ghastly atrocities were being committeed in Petrograd and Moscow a French officer had reported that he found the streets of those cities safer than they had been for a long time. Incidentally he had mentioned in his dispatch some examples of high prices for foods. A certain Liberal paper in England had been undesirous of giving prominence to this unpopular testimony, but at the same time had been equally undesirous of laying itself open to the charge of having suppressed the French officer's report. To soothe its conscience it printed the story, but placed it in an obscure part of the issue and headed it "Ten Pounds for a Hen."

Many suggestions, said Mr. Davies, had been made to correct the present unreliable condition of the daily press. Personally he looked to none of them as a panacea. It was suggested, for instance, that the printing of untruths be penalized, or again that a column be opened in every paper for the nailing of untruths to the counter by anyone who chose to undertake this. Another suggestion was that all articles and statements be signed. There were numbers of proposals of a similar nature each one of which might help a little, but they only touched the fringe of the question.

"The biggest thing that can be done in a substantial way," declared Mr. Davies, "to enable the public to know the facts, is to free journals from these different controls, or at any rate to support those journals which have so upset the controls that if the others do give false facts the free journals can upset the false facts and enable us to get somewhere near the truth. *The Daily Herald* in England is out against the whole capitalist system and it has now a circulation of 300,000. It is operating as an amazing corrective of the untruths of the capitalist press. Continually things are being shown up which that press desires to suppress. Mr. Bullitt would have been utterly suppressed in the rest of the British press —and was. They hadn't a word about him. But day by day *The Herald* was coming out with this as its chief piece of news. Then the other papers were forced to take some notice of it."

At question time Mr. Davies said that recently in England some of the capitalist papers had been printing the labor side of disputes as stated by labor itself. They were being forced into it and it was a good sign.

While it was true that here and there individuals didn't credit what the press said, replied Mr. Davies to another questioner, it was nevertheless true that by dinning things into you all the time a particular atmosphere was created. Even if one didn't believe actual statements made by the press on a certain day the mind was steadily influenced by the constant reiteration of falsehoods and mis-statements.

While giving high praise to *The Manchester Guardian* Mr. Davies said that *The Guardian,* and papers like

The Daily News, either consciously or unconsciously withheld facts that tended to show that capitalistic society was not the best system. The *Daily Herald* had only been running since last April. It was hoped to make *The Herald* a success if it could gain a circulation of five hundred thousand. *The Herald* could not be run without adopting capitalist lines to a certain extent. But there was no capitalist control of *The Herald*. For that reason it was very difficult to get capitalists to provide funds and yet funds had to be obtained from capitalist sources.

"I don't think I should regard a rigid censorship by union printers as any more valuable than the censorship of anyone else," said Mr. Davies in answer to another question.

Asked how the educational system could be got at Mr. Davies replied that it could be influenced firstly through parliamentary bodies and secondly through the parents of the children and through the teachers. There were, he said, a good many avenues through which the schools could be approached.

Asked whether *The Daily Herald* had to rely on the press associations Mr. Davies explained that *The Herald* had its own representatives in several foreign countries. In many cases it was showing up the capitalistic press agencies and in that way reforming them.

A. Vernon Thomas.

SELECTED

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA

IV.

Men and Methods in Moscow

I have said that life in Moscow was grey and dull. There was a quality of tension in the atmosphere, which may have been due to the felt presence of a strong Government joined to an ignorance of the relation in which at any moment one might stand towards it. For that it is a strong Government is beyond dispute. The idea that it is composed of men who have forced themselves into offices for which they are entirely unfit seems to me, after a month's experience of them, quite outside the truth. The eighteen Commissaries, or Ministers, are men of unusual intelligence, in some cases of high technical qualifications. And, however they have been chosen, they have been well chosen.

Lenin himself, whatever opinion may be held of his ideas, is by way of being a political genius. Krassin, the Commissary for Transport, is a highly qualified technician, and was formerly manager for all the Russias of the Siemens-Schuckert Company; his organizing power is undoubted. Lunacharsky, Commissary for Education, is a man in love with his work, and one who has that rare quality in an educational reformer—vision,—and he labors to materialize his visions. Milutin, Commissary for Industries, is a Professor of Economics at the Moscow University. Kurski, Commissary of Justice, is a great lawyer. While in Tomski and Melnichansky, of the Professional Unions; Dr. Semashko, of State Hygiene; Mrs. Lebedev, a doctor of medicine, of the maternity branch of the Commissariat of Social Maintenance; and Siderski, of the Food Control, not to mention others, the Government has people of solid ability, great experience, and considerable powers of work.

And they have shown departmental skill in the choice they have made of many of the men who are at the head of sub-departments, one of the tests, I think it will be agreed, of a competent administrator.

The Commissaries of the People form the real Executive, and they are men of grip. They recoil from no act which they consider justifiable in the interests of the Government. And here is, I think, one of the secrets of their power. Another is their capacity for work. The stories of orgies and of self-seeking are quite false. A London clerk lives better than they do. Their lives are very simple, their habits and dress equally so (I saw only one of them who was at all well dressed), and the reality is a life of work to which a convict's is child's play. They bear marks of the strain under which they live. I do not know what is the average number of hours worked daily by the Commissaries, but one of them works regularly from lunch-time to 3 or 4 o'clock a. m., and has never been known to go out to breathe fresh air; another takes only five hours' sleep; still another takes less.

The Commissariats

I mention this only to show the character of the men who are in the forefront of Bolshevism, and to put down coldly my own experience of them. But even these men could not hold their own without a good organization to back them. This they have. And the Western world should realize that politically and administratively the organization is strong and complete. The districts have their local Soviets, the towns, a grade higher, have theirs, and the provinces or governments have their Soviets. And the General Congress of Soviets meets regularly in Moscow. Through these the influence of the Executive extends to the very corners of Russia, and the net is so fine that little can escape it.

The Commissariats or Ministries are well housed, elaborately organized, and highly staffed. The number of people working directly in them, or in connection with them in the provinces, is immense. Of course they had the framework in the departments left by preceding Governments, but these have been filled out and developed. Mistakes have been made, but the powers that be show much subtle quickness, and profit by their experience. Numbers of bourgeois and of former functionaries are employed, and at first one of the greatest dangers and difficulties was the amount of sabotage experienced. But this was dealt with ruthlessly, and sabotage was made one of the crimes answerable to the Revolutionary Tribunal —the Extraordinary Commission. The head and front of the whole organization is supplied by the pure Socialists—the Communists,—who have a party organization of their own to which the leaders belong. Its discipline, self-imposed, is complete and unique, and is rigidly observed. When called upon for some duty, however distasteful, the professed Communist must obey without hesitation. At times even the leaders are ordered off into the country to some part where propaganda, explanation, or justification is needed—and they go.

In cases where some lapse occurs—bribery or law-breaking—if the offender be a non-Communist he is punished with prison, if a Communist he is shot as a traitor to his principles. It will be seen, then, that the

Communists form the spearhead of Bolshevism, and are a formidable weapon.

But for the supervision of the whole organization of government there has been set up a Department of State Control, which deserves a brief description. It is subdivided, and covers the whole administration, concerning itself only with officials, not with private persons, and its powers extend to all departments, to the Chief Executive Committee, even to the Commissaries of the People. It controls finances and the Budget, the efficiency of departments, the expediency of Acts. It is capable of compelling departments to improve their work, and can stop overlapping of departments and duplication of work. It has suppressed departments as unnecessary. If an official does not work satisfactorily it can recommend his removal, and it can and does prosecute incompetent or sinning officials. And not only does it control, it also instructs, and sends down officials to teach those in the provincial, town, or local Soviets who are thought to be in need of instruction in their duties.

In short, it seems to me to be the most thoroughgoing and awful system of supervision possible, and the fact that its powers extend everywhere explains the grip which, I said above, the system has on the country. One of the greatest difficulties experienced by the Bolsheviks has been in finding competent officials for the Soviets in the country. They found themselves up against the besetting sin of the old bureaucracy, and they themselves trace many of their errors to the character of the men employed at first. But they have set out to supply themselves with more reliable elements.

In the palatial club of the Moscow merchants they have established a school of Soviet workers, with 700 students, drawn from all parts of Russia by the local Soviets, whose expenses are paid and a course of four months provided in matters relating to local government. I spent a long day in examining the programs, going round the classes, and questioning some of the professors. These latter are, by the by, well-known men, and many are not Socialists. The instruction, though summary, is good, and well suited to its purpose.

Propaganda

A test has to be passed at the close of the course and when it is remembered that these 700 can be turned out three times a year, the influence of such a move can be understood. In addition, in the same school, the Communist party maintains a special course for 600 students drawn from the provinces, mostly peasants, in methods of propaganda as applied to the middling class of peasants. And all these students return to their own villages more or less finished instruments of propaganda.

I stayed long in the great hall where lectures and discussion went on, and I can testify to the deadly earnestness of the crowd of students. They were mostly young and of both sexes, and the lecturer to whom I listened held them easily, and initiated and conducted discussion with an admirable sureness. One section of the school was a class of 60 Cossacks, and there were also Bashkirs there. The course lasts as long as the Soviet course, so that three times a year 1,300, or nearly so, prepared instruments can go out from Moscow to all the corners of Russia either as workers or propagandists. And a further proof of the careful thought bestowed on this school is the fact that at the close of a course a conference of all concerned is called, and the course is discussed in all its bearings, stock is taken of its success or failure, and the experience is turned to account in succeeding courses. There is much food for thought in this.

The idea of this school is an extension of the idea of propaganda, which is one of the great weapons of the Bolsheviks. It is all-embracing and constant. A continual stream of pamphlets pours out; people are spoken to in their own language, often with great skill. Posters are found everywhere, and there are special shops for their display. Many are crude in conception and execution, but others are striking and effective, and all appeal strongly to the eye. Wall spaces are employed for bulletins and appeals, and screens are set up for the same purpose. In fact, one cannot walk far in Moscow without meeting some example, often very effective, of propagandist skill. And meetings are held weekly, leaders attend and speak, men who are skilled talkers and debaters, and discussion goes on. Never, I think, has the world met before with so potent and so skillful a use of propaganda. Taken all together, these things explain at least one side of the power of endurance that Bolshevism has manifested in Russia.

And there is need for the popular conception in the west of the Bolshevik leaders to be corrected. Instead of being raging monsters whose only quality is ruthlessness, they are men of ability, clear in thought, subtle, direct and swift to act. Their power of work is immense, and they are fanatically devoted to the principles they profess. They have evolved an organization which suits their needs, and, whatever one may think of their ideas, it must be recognized that they and their supporters form a formidable and powerful body with which the western world will have to count in dealing with the question of Russia.

Manchester Guardian. —*W. T. Goode.*

PEREGRINA.

She walked with quivering thought outflung.
To hem of Beauty's robe she clung,
  Else would she fall beside the way.

The little grasses knew her need;
They strengthened her for humble deed
  With secrets she could never say.

Bewildered in an alien world,
She saw the ecstasy unfurled
  Of clouds that comprehended all.

At last her pilgrim heart was stayed:
She looked on tumult unafraid,
  And knew that Love should sound recall.

Katharine H. Austin.

Kansas school teachers are trying to find some way to get salaries raised in their profession. Have they ever thought of getting the Administration at Washington to take over the schools.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Winesburg, Ohio. Sherwood Anderson. New York: 1919. B. W. Huebsch. 16mo. pp. (v) 303. Price $1.50.

The cover announcement suggests that this is a book "in which peoples' very souls are bared, in which their heart-beats are almost heard, in which life is not described but revealed." The style of the book is somewhat like the style of the announcement. A constant effort seems to be made toward the strange, the extreme, the extraordinary. Life in an Ohio town, as anywhere else in civilization, presents much that is grotesque, sordid, sad, and unclean, but it is doubtful whether the baring or revelation of these elements is helpful or desirable. There are always plenty to read the revelation and if in its "sheer frankness," it deals with generally tabooed or doubtful matters, the reading is accompanied by thrills of anxious delight, if not by genuine fondness for the obscene. This book of Anderson's has had a generous reception. It is, however, so definitely impressed by the work of two other writers, that it is safe to say, it would never have been written if it had not been for them. *Spoon River Anthology* touches the same kind of village life in much the same fashion, but in verse instead of prose; but the life at Spoon River was not completely absorbed in sex. Freudian philosophy is popular just now but it surely errs in its narrowness. Spoon River Anthology might well stand alone in its class. And if one *must* dabble in psycho-analysis Jung is a safer guide than Freud. There may be no urge stronger than that of sex; but, Freud to the contrary notwithstanding, there are other things in life even in Winesburg. It is neither good story-telling nor good teaching to reduce all of human action to the one phase. The book is interesting; it has some suggestiveness. But its effect on the reading public will be either toward a pessimistic despair or toward exculpation, self-excuse on the basis of universal weakness.

How Did Illusion of Phenomenal Universe Arise? R. V. Khedkar. Delhi, India: 1919. Practical Medicine Press. Small 16mo. pp. 37. Price 1 shilling.

Lord Ronaldshay in an address early this year at Dacca, Bengal, stated that he had difficulty in seeing how the illusion of the phenomenal universe arose, and appealed to his Indian friends to explain his difficulty. The booklet before us, by Dr. R. V. Khedkar, author of *The Dream Problem,* is a reply to this appeal. The argument here presented is but a sketch, aiming to suggest the direction in which an answer is to be sought. Dr. Khedkar returns to the assumption of his larger work—that of a dreamer, who asks people in the waking state how he can prove to his companions, dream-creatures, *during* the dream-state that the dream is a delusion. Lord Ronaldshay's question is considered under four heads—What is an illusion? Is the phenomenal universe an illusion? Who sees the illusion? How did the illusion arise? The argument is purely analogical. "As long as a dream lasts, it appears real. It is only when we wake up that we call the dream unreal . . . an illusion as long as it lasts cannot be perceived as such by one who sees it." . . . "The phenomenal universe as long as its perception lasts, seems to be real and we cannot possibly call or regard it as an illusion unless and until we know the underlying reality." . . . "The illusion does never arise in reality. The seer, the illusion and the one who asks the question are all illusory, in the same way as the dreamer, the dream, and the dream-creatures, who are much puzzled in the dream-world have no existence in reality." . . . "The moment the illusion disappears and we wake up, the mystery of dream creation becomes so clear that we never think of how and why did the illusion of dream arise." ". . . the ultimate Reality or Brahman is a matter of realization only and not a subject for discussion." It is not our purpose to examine this "answer" to Lord Ronaldshay in detail. We have noticed it chiefly to call attention to the fact that "Practical Medicine," Delhi, publishes and sells a considerable list of books upon Indian literature, religion, and philosophy and to mention Khedkar's *Dream Problem,* which gives a variety of discussions and expressions by many writers, upon an important and difficult problem as viewed by the Indian mind.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Story of George Fox. Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan.

It would be difficult to find better evidence of the effort to view religion as experience of God than one meets in the renewed interest in biography. There is something quickening and satisfying in witnessing religion in the making. To watch cold iron yielding to heat and then flowing freely into new moulds is an inspiring sight. Gazing upon a soul hardened by self interest succumbing to transmutation under the heat treatment of God is the most moving thing in history. Biography that is something more than prettyfied saccharine, opens such furnace doors.

It is just this service that Mr. Jones has rendered in this simple and stimulating study of the heroic and unique George Fox. Religion to Fox was a way of living and not adhering to something in a book. He stressed the power of God as the call of duty and wasted but little energy in self justifying wordiness.

One of the most formative truths told by Fox, and so characteristic of his scholarly biographer, is the nativeness of God to the soul. God is not far off in the sky but nearer and more essential to the soul than is the air to the bird. This doctrine of the natural sacredness and worth of the soul and God's immediate fellowship with it, Fox preached through England, on the American coast line of the Atlantic, in the West Indies, in Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales, in Holland and in Germany.

Fox provided for set times for the deepening of this mutualness of God and the human soul. Since God is near the soul we must become quiet and still so that he can be heard speaking to us. Mr. Jones has summed this up in a simple illustration:

> When we wish to hear an important message over the telephone we prepare for it by hushing all conversation and unnecessary noises in the room. We give the message a *chance* to reach us which it would not have if the din prevailed around us. So with the greatest of all messages; we must prepare for it.

In this story of George Fox Mr. Jones has acted as the opener of doors and what we see is a great man in the very act of winning his soul.

JOHN MORRIS EVANS.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE NEGRO—NORTH AND SOUTH.

Not long since I was accosted by a young colored man who was a porter in a Pullman car. He told me that he was born and reared near Camp Hill and that his mother was at one time my cook and that he himself had worked on our school plantation when a little boy. He seemed very glad to see me, and, as he could get time from his duties, would come up to my berth and visit. I found that he was living in Chicago, in one of the negro neighborhoods, where the whites have almost entirely moved away. He was anxious to tell me all about his life and his hopes. I found that, while he earned better wages than he could get in Camp Hill, that he was not able to save anything like the money he could save here. I understood him to say that when he went North he had five hundred dollars in savings and that now he has less. This young man is temperate and I believe represents the best type of colored man. Of course he complained about excessive prices of all commodities, but what he complained most about was the great difficulty in finding work. Only relatively few positions are open to the colored man in Chicago, while in the South nearly every sort of opportunity, industrially, awaits him. He complained also of the attitude of many white men in the North toward the colored man—nothing that was really tangible and yet an influence so subtle and all-pervasive that every colored man feels it. This young porter has traveled extensively, and he told me that wherever the negro is found in large numbers there is the same question of segregation, etc., as we find in the South, with this difference, that it seems more bitter North than South, because he has been led to expect different treatment in the North. It is almost impossible to find a single town where any colored man is received on perfect equality with white men, and this porter told me that he and many others are coming South again as soon as they can.

I relate this incident because it is a good illustration of what is going on all around us. My old friends and neighbors in the North sometimes lose patience with me or accuse me of having changed my position because of my long residence South. The truth is that I have not changed essentially at all. It is simply that now I see, where hitherto I have been blind or partially so. Some years ago, in the city of Boston, I met one day a bright young colored man, I believe a Harvard graduate, who was engaged in a worthy enterprise and had desk room in one of the poorer office buildings near Scolley Square. This young man, highly educated, was full of hatred against the South and had no words to express his disapproval of Booker Washington. I tried to tell him that he did not know the South. But the curious and really memorable thing about this meeting was that the young man told me that he was about to be compelled to move his desk to some other building, and the reason was that he was a negro. I then suggested two or three great office buildings where I had seen "To rent" signs displayed. He replied promptly: "Not on your life—not to a negro!" The young man assured me that there was not one single office building among the modern structures that would rent him even desk room, much less an office.

In one of the cities of New Hampshire, some years ago, a bright young colored man was polishing my shoes. His English was so nearly perfect that I asked him if he were not in school somewhere. He replied that he had just graduated from the high school in that town as valedictorian of his class. When I asked him why he was polishing shoes and not occupying some responsible position, he told me that there was almost nothing, except the most menial positions, that he could find.

In Chicago, a few years ago, a party of white gentlemen became interested in some rich lands down in the delta region of the Mississippi, and made several excursions down there. They became acquainted with a colored surveyor, who did some work for them. His work seemed so good and prices there for service were so low that they advised him to go to Chicago, where he could get much better pay. Finally this man sold out his holdings and moved his family to Chicago. Here a series of obstacles came his way—examinations and tests of various kinds—but, even though he surmounted all these difficulties, there was no surveying for him to do. There was no market for his product. He served as porter and night watchman, ran an elevator and did all sorts of things to keep the wolf from the door and get a start for himself and family in the city of Chicago, but all to no avail. His little savings of years were dissipated in an honest endeavor to live, and loan sharks seized his furniture. Finally a friend of mine, a native of the South but long a resident of Chicago, loaned him enough money to get him and his wife and children back into the Mississippi delta lands, where he could earn his living, pay his debts and look every man in the face.

I attempt, in these incidents here related, to make no deductions. I should not presume to lay down any rule.

LYMAN WARD, Principal,
The Southern Industrial Institute,
Camp Hill, Ala.

November 28, 1919.

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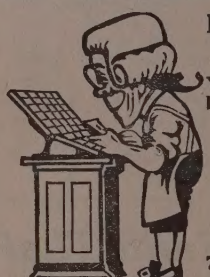

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